

# STEALING SAXOPHONES FROM HOMELESS PEOPLE

Dark Comic Monologue

by  
Jonathan Dorf



BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

*Publishers of Contest-Winning Drama*

Copyright © 2006 Jonathan Dorf  
All rights reserved

**CAUTION:** Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Stealing Saxophones from Homeless People* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

<http://www.brookpub.com>

**TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS:** This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producers should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

**COPYING:** from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

#### TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: [customerservice@brookpub.com](mailto:customerservice@brookpub.com)

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

## Production History

*Stealing Saxophones from Homeless People* premiered as part of A Bunch of Fives at the Street Theatre in Canberra, Australia. It was performed by Jake River Fraser, for whom it was written.

## Notes

Despite the fact that the character in the play was originally written as a teen male, there is nothing in the text that would prevent a female actor (in which case, the character would be named Jill) from doing the role. The play can be performed on a bare stage with just a chair and rope.

## STEALING SAXOPHONES FROM HOMELESS PEOPLE

by  
Jonathan Dorf

***(JAKE, a teen boy, stands next to a chair in a room--could be his bedroom. On the chair is a copious amount of rope, perhaps even a padlock or two. HE locks the door. Throughout the monologue, HE goes about the process of securing himself to the chair.)***

You're going to end up stealing saxophones from homeless people. My mother said this to me when I was three. I cried. I didn't even know what a saxophone was and I cried, because it didn't take knowing what a saxophone was to know this was a terrible thing.

***(beat)***

I know what she'd say--my mother who in her mind is never wrong. She'd say that by the time you're three, you're done developing. You are who you're going to be--at three. So she looked at me, took stock, and then projected a few years into the future.

***(beat)***

But she didn't have to say it. And what if she had it all wrong? Maybe I was growing up to be perfectly normal and then "why don't I start stealing saxophones from homeless people" just got planted in my head. It could be worse: the girl down the street--I'd hear her mother tell her every day, "You'll grow up to be a murdering psychotic who guts your family in our sleep with a butter knife and a pair of knitting needles." Her mother was wrong about the knitting needles.

***(beat)***

My Dad was no help. My Dad only shows up in my life in moments. Highlights. My first step--he comes the week after. My first word--he leaves work early and waits outside in his car. "You're going to end up stealing saxophones from homeless people." My Dad is standing right there for that one. Does he say, "No, he isn't" or "honey, you're wrong?" I'd have settled for a "you can't know that for sure." But my Dad stands there, absent again, and I'm three, and my mother has just changed my world.

***(beat)***

If my Dad had said something. If he had said anything, this never would have started. But he didn't--and it did. When I was five. Not with a saxophone. Not with a sleeping man living out of a bag huddled on the street with a saxophone at his feet. It never starts that way. It always starts with something small. Something that seems harmless.

***(beat)***

I've read about addiction. I've read up on it. I'd go to meetings, but the closest Kleptomaniacs Anonymous chapter is ***(the actor may also say "500 kilometers" instead of 300 miles)*** 300 miles away. I went to AA once--when I was 12. It's not my problem, but I figured they'd understand.

I'm the youngest one there--most of them could be my parents--and I get all these looks, these really heart-broken looks, looks that say "oh how tragic, he's 12" and "that poor, poor kid." There are a lot of "poor kid" looks. Three women and one

man burst into tears just looking at me--one of them has to be carried out. She keeps screaming "we've lost our children." I try to tell her that no, I'm not an alcoholic, but she just keeps screaming "nothing matters anymore--we've lost our children. Let's all get drunk and die."

**(beat)**

Once they get her out, the meeting starts, and I listen politely for about an hour to all of these people stand up and talk. Hello, my name is Barry, and I'm an alcoholic. And then it's Murray and Shelley and Tommy and Lonnie. . . and as they stand up one by one, I realize that I don't fit: all of these people are alcoholics and have names that end in a long e sound. Jake doesn't do that at all. Maybe these aren't their real names and I should come up with one that fits. And then it's my turn.

**(beat)**

Hello. My name is Jake. . . **(pronounced as a long e)** y.

**(beat)**

And some people say "hello, Jake. . . y" and some say "Jakey" and a couple just say Jake--and everybody's out of sync.

**(beat)**

My name is Jakey and I'm. . . I steal saxophones from homeless people.

**(beat)**

Silence. And then the man who was sobbing uncontrollably earlier says, "So. . . drinking. . . it makes you steal saxophones from homeless people."**(as himself)** No. **(narrating again)** More silence. "So how does your drinking problem"--**(as himself)** I don't have a drinking problem. There's this stunned silence, and four people--three women and one man, but not the same people who were crying before--they open their mouths to say something, but nothing comes out. And before it can come, before someone can tell me I'm going to end up an alcoholic, I run out of the meeting. Stealing saxophones is bad enough.

**(beat)**

It started with a toy flute. On a bench. I see it, and I look around and nobody's there. Somebody's left it there to get thrown out. I walk up to it. It's almost brand new, with just a little chip in the paint. Aren't we all a little chipped somewhere? And as I stand there and look at this almost brand new, almost perfect toy flute, I grab it. I pick it up and walk away. And I feel good. I was meant to find this flute--why else would it be there, all alone, waiting for me? I am righting a great wrong.

**(beat)**

That's what I tell myself. At the age of five, I am a rescue worker. I save lost toys from being thrown away. No mission is too hard or too dangerous. In fact, the harder and more dangerous the better. If a toy gets put down for even a few seconds. . . Pretty soon, I'm doing good deeds all over my neighborhood.

**(beat)**

And then, just after my tenth birthday, I see this woman. I smell her before I see her. She's passed out on the street, bags all around her. She's had an accident. In her pants. And she's lying in a pile of puke. But there at her feet is a saxophone. It's beautiful. It's almost shiny. With one good polish it will be shiny. I hear the words of my mother in my head.

**(beat)**

**End of Free Preview**